night work in the fine season; the harvesting; the full bucket of cider that Louis, the second of the sons, used to drink daily at that time, whence diarrhea; his shame to admit his illness. The marriages of the elder son, Eugene, planned and missing fire one after another, as Mme Freger related to my brother-in-law: "I don't know how for us to go about it. M'sieur Georges, wouldn't you perhaps ask for her hand in place of us?"

Saturday ,2 March

I leave this evening for Marseille — and Monday sail for Tunis.

7 May

Got back ten days ago (the Sunday before last in the evening); I should have gone back to this journal immediately. The very day after my return I went back to work; that is to say, I began to polish the pages of *Les Caves* that I had not gone over. Impatient to show them to Copeau. He came last Friday to spend three days at the Villa. Excellent reading, but it gives me a glimpse of how far I still am from what I owe to myself. My characters, whom I saw in the beginning only as puppets, are gradually filling with real blood and I am not doing my duty by them as easily as I had hoped. They demand more and more, force me to take them more and more seriously, and my original fable reveals itself to be less sufficient. Necessity for tremendous work.

Visit of Jean-Marc Bernard the morning before yesterday; likable, but more passionate than intelligent; amazingly lacking in culture, like all those nationalists who, under pretense of cultivating only their earth and their dead, are ignorant of almost all the rest of the world. Confesses, moreover, and very nicely, his ignorance and the monstrous lacunae of his party.

How he makes me regret again that Lasserre did not write the article on Claudel that he was planning to do. I hope that it

will be known later on that he let himself be intimidated by the letters of young men who, terrified by the "howler" he was about to commit, warned him and begged him not to let himself be carried away in the direction he hinted at in closing a preceding article— in which he announced that in his next column he would tell off the author of *UArbre.*[18]

He informs me that Henri Clouard no longer edits *La Revue critique* (I should have known this from the cover), but rather Pierre Gilbert, who annoys them because he has no other criterion than the opinion of Maurras, etc. . . .

[18] In *The Tree,* published in 1901, Paul Claudel gathered together his first five dramas.